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A HARVARD ALPHABET

THE VERSES BY W. B. W. ^{W. B. W.} AND H. W. P. AND

ANOTHER: THE DRAWINGS

BY J. G. C. AND R. E.



26.6
5531

THE HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS · MDCCCCII

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W. B. WHEELWRIGHT
AND H. W. PALMER

TO JOHN HARVARD & SONS

We respectfully dedicate this book





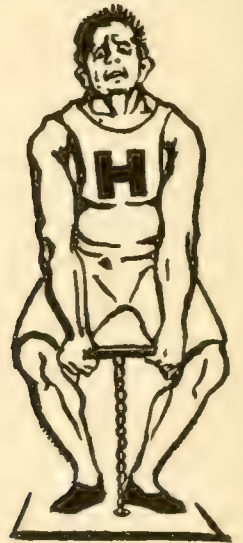
is our Athlete;

Long may he wave
O'er the Y and the P

And the bold Carlisle brave!

May he bat, row and run

And play football with zest,
Unless he is floored
By the deadly strength test.



is a thing that the Y. M. C. A.

Is shocked to behold in the
night or the day,

And well it may be; 'tis a
boy with a "bun."

Just see, dearest reader, this student has one.



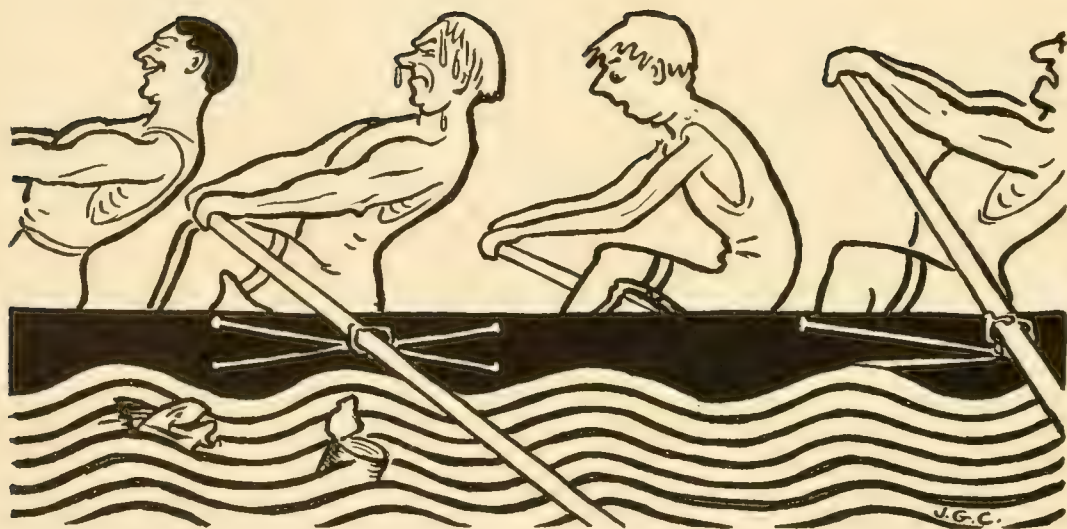


is our Crackajack College
Crew;

There's one queer thing
about it,

You can't get on it with a pull,

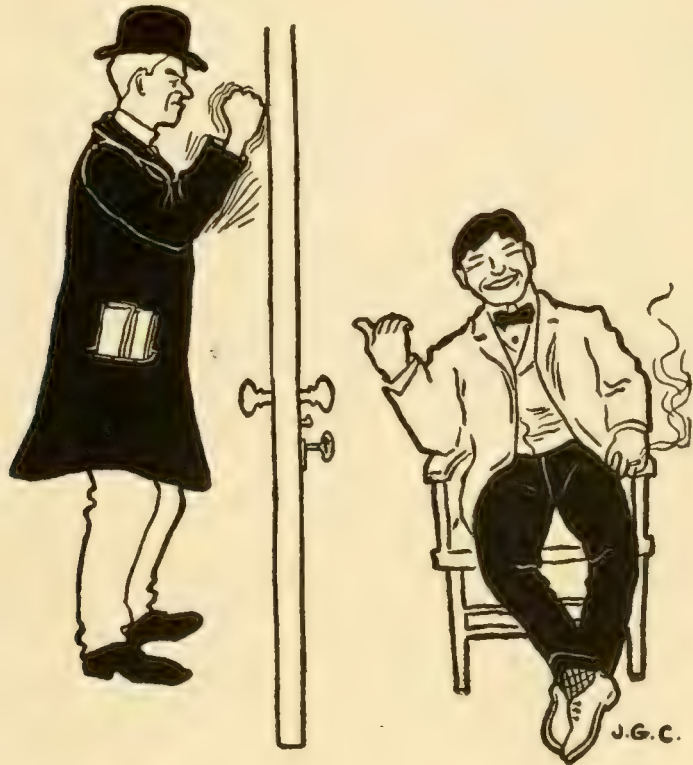
You can't get on without it.





is the Dun,
Impertinent one,
Who, searching for "mon,"
Is tapping the door.

'Tis likewise the Debt
He's trying to get
From me, so I let
Him knock on till he's sore.





is the Etiquette practised at
college,

Elegant etiquette all must
acknowledge.

The “Ladies’ Hum Jumble” and “Man-
ners for Gents”

Are the models we follow, as this represents.





is for Fusser,

And F is for Fair,

And F is the Father

He'd ask did he dare.

But F is for Faculty,

F is for Fail,

And lastly the Favor

He gets in the mail.



Mr.

Fusser

is requested

to come to the Dean's Office, on *Monday* during office hours.

L. B. R. BRIGGS, *Dean*.

Room

4

The Dean's office hours are on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday, from 10 to 12.30.



what a Game!

Why the deuce can't we
score?

It is always the same.

Hully Gee! what a game!

The half-backs are lame

And the line men are sore.

Gee! what a game!

Why the deuce can't we score?





stands for Harvard, New
Haven as well,

Since H stands for Heaven
and likewise for Hell.





is my Insolvency,

That's what makes me
blue;

Aye, the I I'm eying now

Is an I. O. U.





is old John,

Who yet is no Jay;
He stuck all our dads,
And was old in their day.

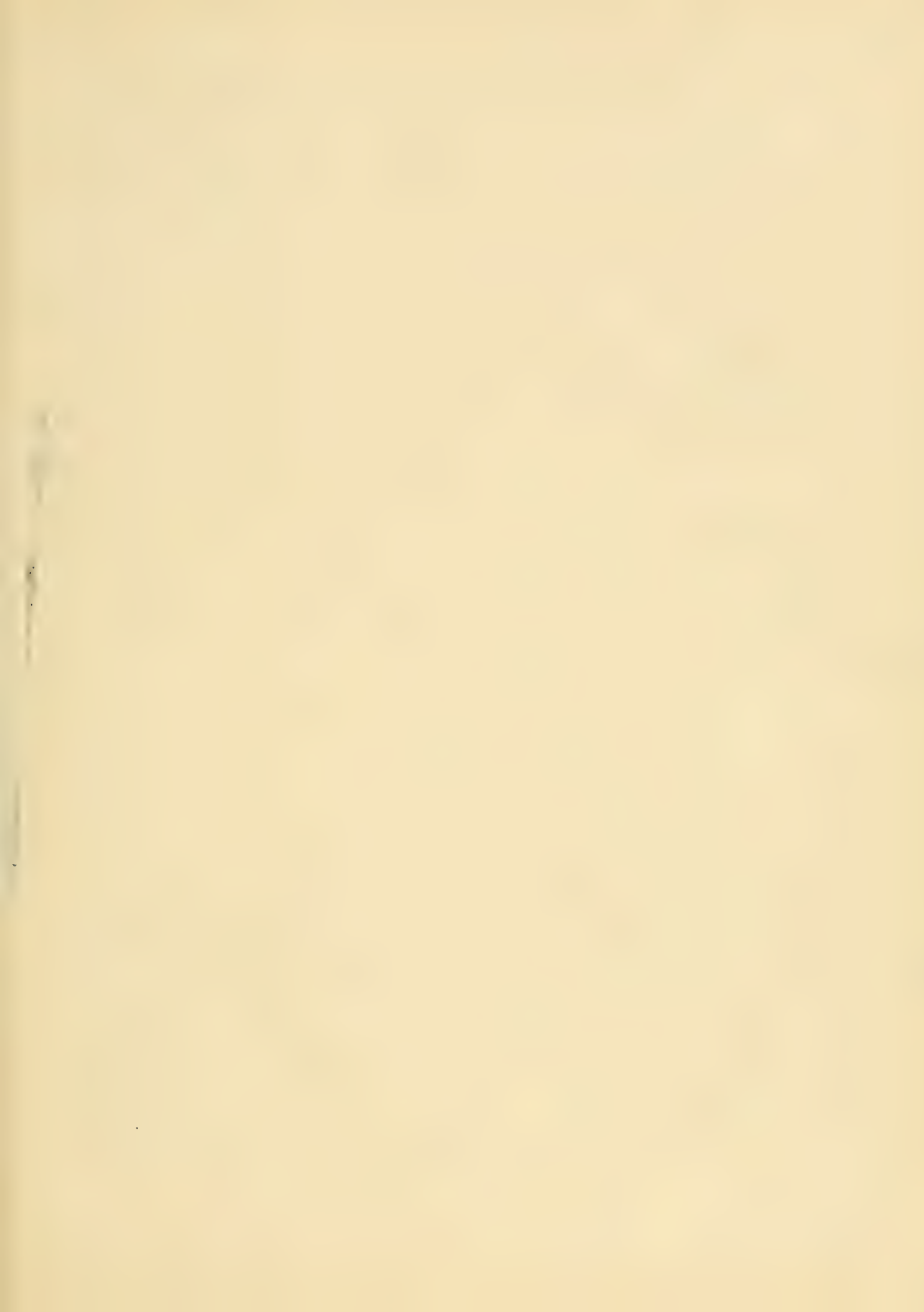
As a rooter and linguist

He's best of all men,
For to him "veritas"

Means "Ter Hill wid Yale, fren'."









is for Kegs,

Whose contents and dregs

We drain till our legs

No longer support us.

Like Omar Khayyam,

While we still have a dram

We don't give a damn,

Let the Proctor report us.





stands for Ladies and we stand
for them.

How dismal old Cam-
bridge would be

If Grace wouldn't go to the
ball games with Clem,

And Maud wouldn't go there with me.





M

is Memorial,

Transept armorial,

Hall Senatorial,

Food on the bum ;

Steaks to be laboured with,

Scrambled eggs flavoured with

Shells, and soup savoured with

Coon waiter's thumb.





is the Note Book we
carry each day

To while at dull lec-
tures the hours away.

We fill it with pictures,
with verses and jokes,

For we know when we please we can buy
printed notes.





is the Officer seen on the square,
As he paces about with om-
nipotent air;

He wears a large belt, but
there's nothing to spare.

'Tis also the Offering taken from all,
Two tickets apiece to the Officers' ball,
For druggists the number is hardly as small.





is the Proctor;

I blush to discuss

The faults and the foibles

Of this horrid cuss;

He peeks through the keyhole,

He's contemptibly mean,

He rubbers our mail

And reports to the Dean.





is my quartet of Queens,
To choose any one of whom
means

To lose all the rest;

And so, as you 've guessed,
I'll worship them all just as Queens.



R

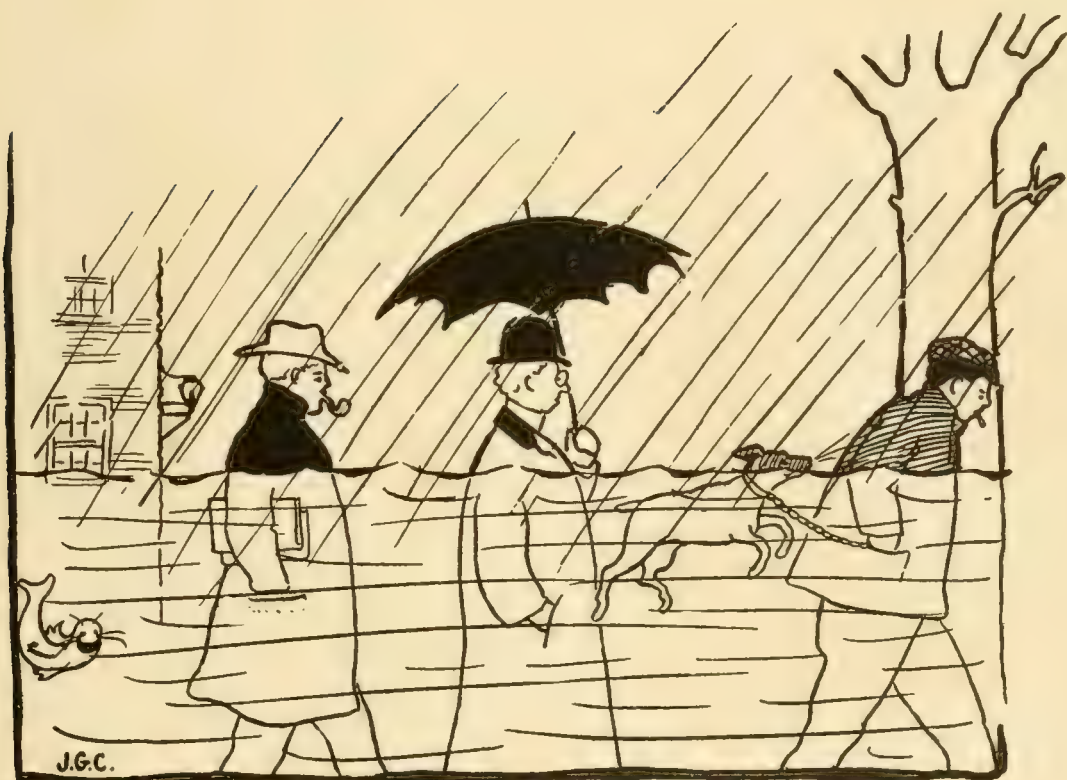
is the Rain. I sing

Of the beautiful rain in Spring

That, pouring down hard,

Reduces the yard

To a wet, sloppy, mud-puddled thing.





is the Student.

Oh, where can you find
A uselesser body
Or more better mind?

He will smoke, drink and
study

At once in the strife,
To fulfil his conception
Of strenuous life!





is the Typical Harvard man.

I'd like to describe him,

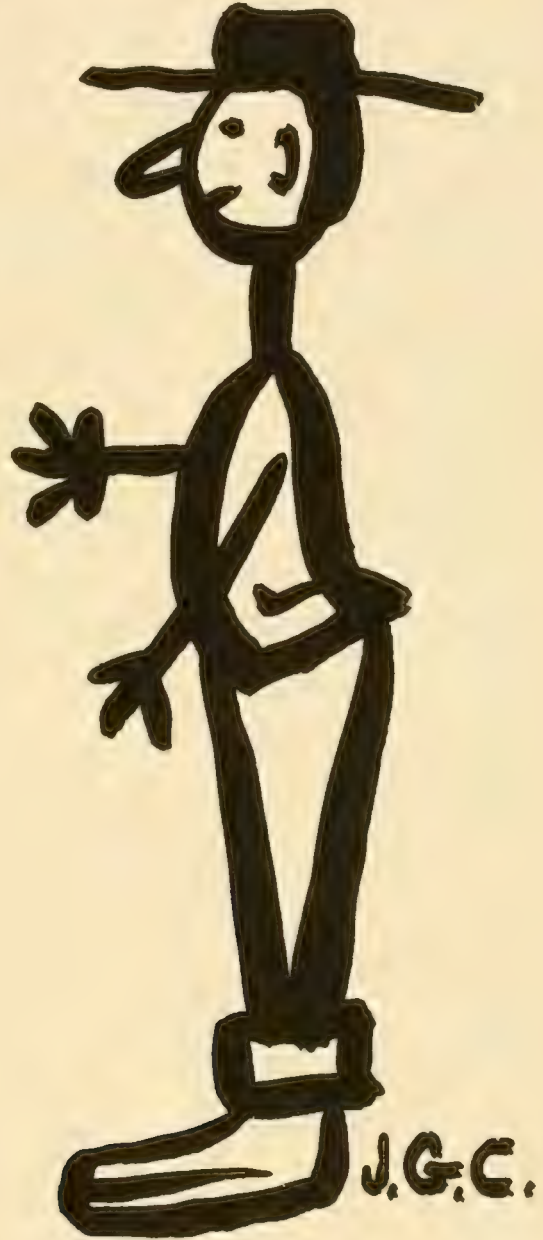
But nobody
can.

Some call him a
dandy,

Some call him a snob,

Indifferent others,

But judge from this
daub.





is the Urchin so ragged and
torn,

Who loafs on the street from
the day he is born.

The words he learns first show his natural
bent,

They are, "Down wid de Ha'vards" and
"Scramble a cent."





is the Varsity, fountain of fame,
And often the bet that you
lose on a game.

'Tis also the Victory drawn
for this verse,

Which we don't think is good,
But it might have been worse!

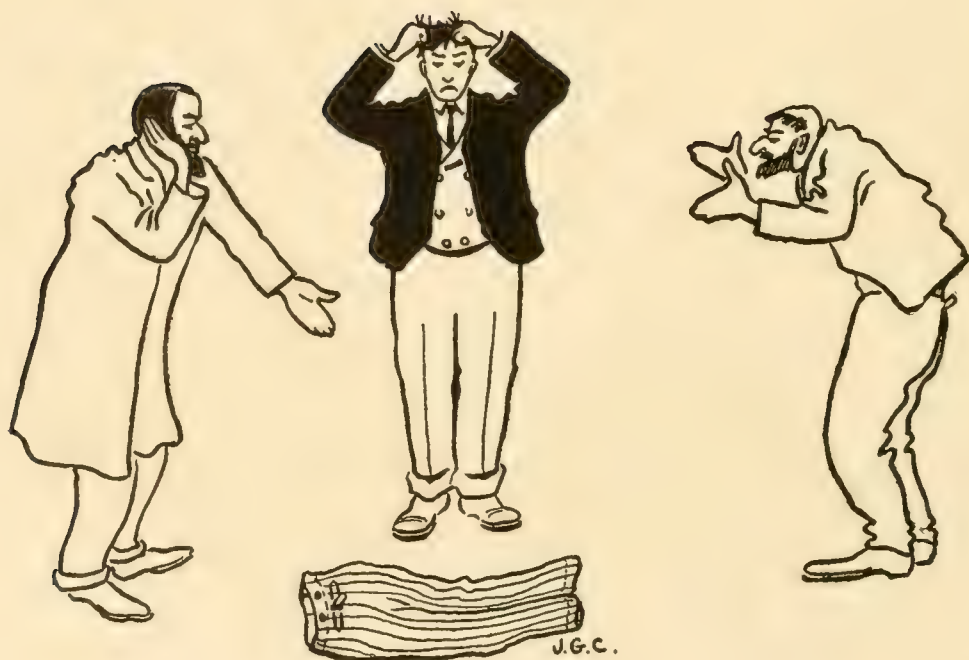




stands for the Wisdom of Poco,
Wonderful wisdom of him so
rococo.

He'll buy your old suit, cash
a postdated check,

Play a mild game of blackmail you 'd never
suspect.





is the Xtra we order to eat

When we dine at Memorial
Hall.

There's an Xtra fine soaked
for each order and still

It is not Xtra fine after all.



R.E.



is the Youthful instructor

Who thinks he is something
quite swell.

He gives us E Pluses,

On Sunday he fusses,

Oh, my, what a ter-
rible sell!





is the Zeal,

So hard to conceal,

With which we appeal

To "Rooters," when we,

With arm waves ecstatic,

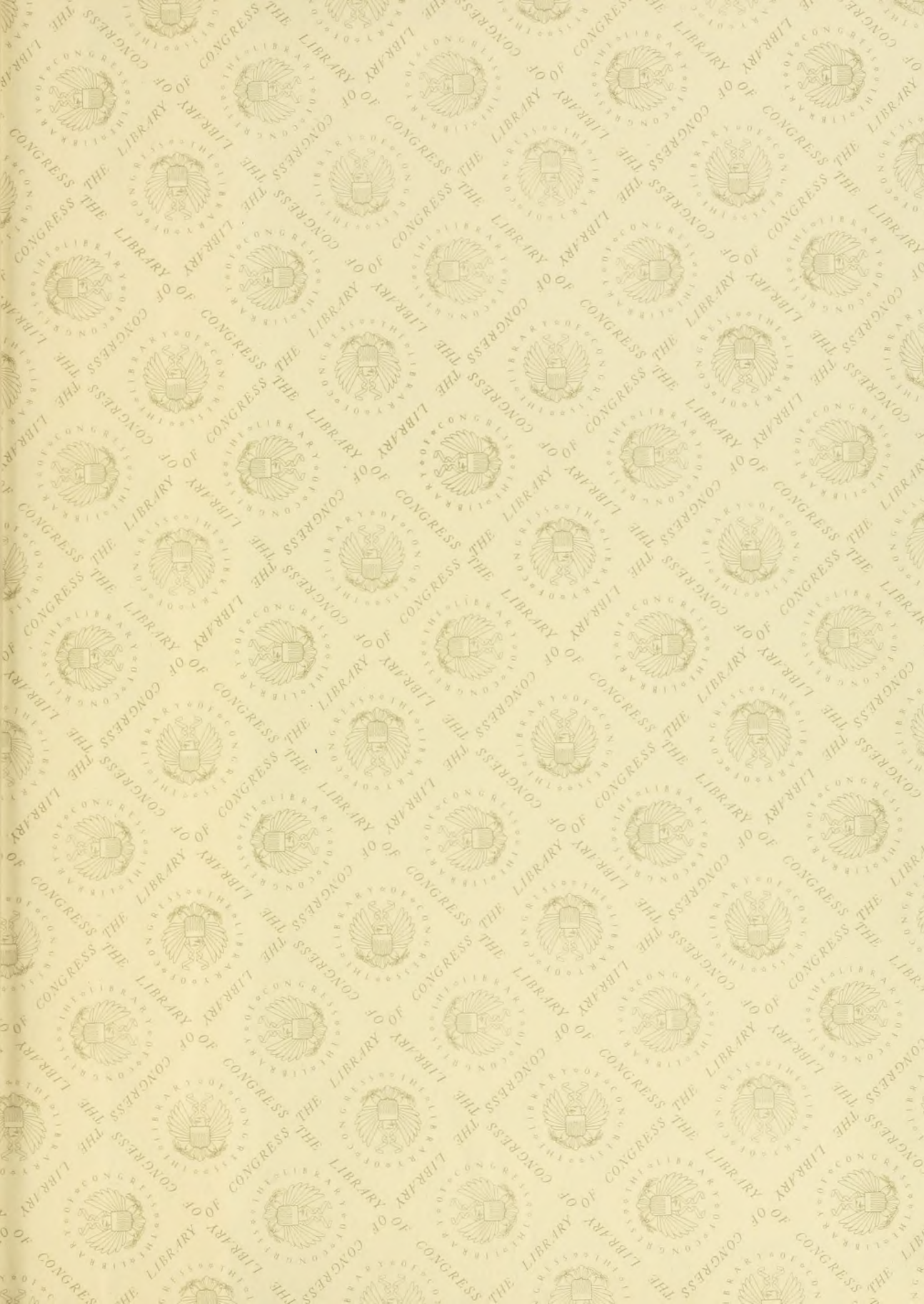
And both cheeks pneumatic,

Cry out so emphatic,

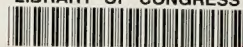
Now, boys, One! Two! Three!



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